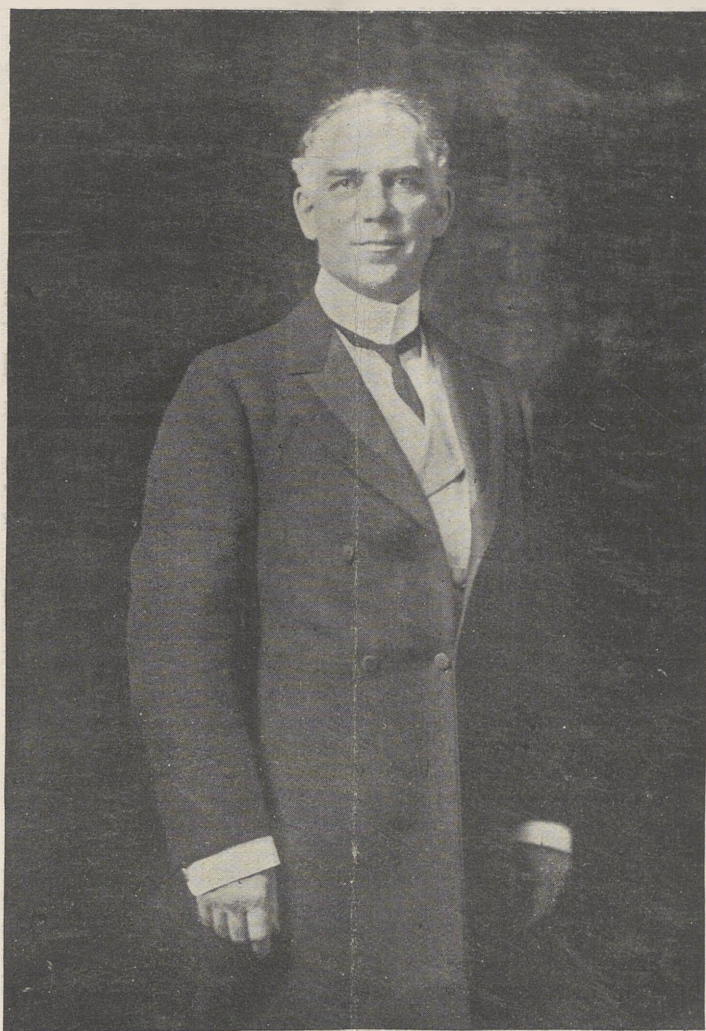


GRAPHIC

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In song recital at Simpson Auditorium Next Week

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Matters of Moment

Established Principle.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and his supporting host of evangelists have left Los Angeles and it is sincerely hoped that their liberal estimate of the number of souls saved during their mission may be ratified on the day of judgment. In the meantime we shall all watch the statistics of crime with renewed interest. If the estimates of the evangelists are correct, these statistics should show a considerable decrease. Time alone can prove the value of such "revivals." Time, it has been well said, has already discredited and will always discredit extravagant hysteria.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Chapman while effusively grateful for the response of individuals to his ministry did not seem to think that he had been properly treated by either the merchants of Los Angeles or the Board of Education. Dr. Chapman and his colleagues expressed much surprise and pain when the merchants, many of whom have strong religious convictions of their own which happen to be diametrically opposed to those of the revivalists, refused to close their places of business on a certain day, as a mark of sympathy with the evangelists' campaign. But Los Angeles was destined to earn further reproach in the eyes of Dr. Chapman. Permission was asked for Dr. Chapman and his associates to address the students of the High School. It was very properly refused, the vote of the members of the Board of Education being unanimous. Whereupon Dr. Chapman in an interview said: "I've never been in a city yet that I have not been officially requested to address the schools. * * * As an American citizen I am thoroughly indignant that Christian men should be deprived of the privilege of speaking before the children of the public schools, when they have proven by three weeks' work in this city that they are men of sound commonsense and some of them by conspicuous positions in the church that they were not without ability."

Everyone will be grieved that Dr. Chapman is "thoroughly indignant"; but it is far better that he should bear that cross than that he should have provided a cause for general indignation among the taxpayers of Los Angeles. The established principle that questions of religion must be kept out of the

public schools is one of the foundations of the system and cannot be too scrupulously guarded.

While the Board of Education was unanimous in refusing to permit a violation of a just and proper rule, it seems strange that the burden of the refusal should have been put upon Mr. Joseph Scott, the single member of the Catholic Church on the Board. It would have been fairer and squarer if the Board had acted spontaneously without turning to Mr. Scott and depending upon him to make the argument against sanctioning what would palpably have been a direct violation of both the letter and the spirit of the public school system. It was not a question upon which Mr. Scott should have been expected to feel more strongly than any other member of the Board who knew his duty and was not afraid to do it. However, the important feature of the incident is that eventually the refusal of the Board was unanimous, and thus a dangerous precedent was avoided. There are altogether too many creeds and too many sects of religion nowadays to admit of the possibility of representatives of all of them appearing before students of the High School and advocating their special brands. Unless such representation were possible it would be obviously unfair to the students themselves and to the representatives of other religions to impose upon the High School the special means of salvation, of the efficacy of which Dr. Chapman and his colleagues are so thoroughly satisfied.

My Sacramento correspondent writes me "the Senators are wearing buttons now with the letters 'N. D. G. W.,' which stand for 'Nothing doing, get wise.'"

Russia's Destiny.

Perhaps the most interesting, if true, news that has been flashed from Europe to America concerning the crisis in Russia is that the German Emperor has acquainted Czar Nicholas with the true conditions in the Russian Empire. It goes without saying that the Kaiser has not supplied that digest of information without adding some characteristic counsel. An authentic story is told of the advice given by William to Nicholas at the outbreak of the war with Japan. Nicholas was terribly perturbed. Up to the last moment he had believed that war would be averted. When hostilities were declared, the Czar's first thought was to proceed to the ancient capital at Moscow and take part in elaborate religious ceremonial in the Kremlin. It was then that Emperor William dispatched a characteristic telegram to Nicholas, adjuring him to "buck up" and pointing out that attention to the details of his campaign in the East would be more availing and also more gratifying to the Almighty than any amount of ritual.

It is only gradually being understood how completely the Czar is fenced in by the Grand Dukes and the Bureaucracy. "The Autocrat of all the Russias" is so in name only, the autocratic power lying in the ruthless hands of the selfish and corrupt relatives that surround him. It is believed that the Czar has been kept in as deep ignorance as possible concerning actual conditions in his Empire, and that his hand has been paralyzed by misinformation. Therefore, if it be true that the German Emperor has enlightened him and has also given him the only advice that can avail, there may yet be a ray of hope that he will arouse himself to face his people. The London Spectator points out that the true pivot of power in

Russia, the mystical belief in the autocratic Czar, has been shaken, if not destroyed, partly by the weakness of the actual occupant of the throne, partly by the belief which the massacres of January 22 has spread, that he has become an enemy of his people. The autocracy substituted for his is that of the elder Grand Dukes, who have no "divine" claims, who are divided by incurable jealousies, spites, and rival female pretensions, and who are, with one exception, men without great parties behind them. If they make, as is possible, a Palace revolution, they run the risk of dividing the troops, for the baby heir and the sickly Grand Duke Michael stand between the strong Vladimir and the succession, and the army, or sections of it, might pronounce for different men. Every ambition will be unloosed, and under an autocracy fear makes all ambitions fiercer.

The only advice that will avail Nicholas is that he must re-establish himself in the hearts of his people. He must prove to Russia that he is again the "Little Father" instead of the merciless enemy the bloody record of January 22 made him. Even now, however, it is believed that it is too late to follow such advice. Was not the last hope of the Russian people, to reach the Czar in person, ruthlessly cut off on that bloody Sunday?

Unless Nicholas will listen to the demands of the people and grant reasonable concessions, the fate of Russia is balanced between the coherence of the military strength and the power of the Terrorists. The Czar has no doubt been reminded of the wise-saying, "You can do everything with bayonets except sit on them." From all accounts it would not need many sparks to kindle a flame of mutiny in Kuropatkin's army. If Nicholas is overpersuaded by the Grand Dukes and lends his sanction to a policy of violent repression, it is doubtful how long the loyalty of the troops at home may be depended upon. The refusal of the soldiers to crush the mutiny of the Black Sea sailors is portentous. The Russian army is of enormous proportions, but the demands upon it just now are also enormous, while the Reservists are resisting service whenever and wherever possible. The Empire is surrounded on every side by hostile dependencies, in any one of which, Finland, Poland, Lithuania, Esthonia, in the Caucasus or on the Baltic, there may spring up serious insurrection.

The Czar's only hope of saving his crown—probably his only chance to avoid the fate of his uncle, Sergius—is to override the Bureaucracy, seek the ear of the people, and grant them most liberal concessions. The more "examples" made by the Terrorists, as in the case of Grand Duke Sergius, the less likely are these reforms to be initiated. The greater the success of the Nihilists, the more urgent will be measures of repression.

Even if the Czar had the moral and physical courage to face the truth and follow the German Emperor's advice it is doubtful if the opportunity to do so has not already passed away.

"There is one class of commercial men that I have no use for," says Mr. Gates, "that is the 'shorts.' I am never a 'short.'" Yet if he carries to success his wheat corner it will be from the "shorts" that Mr. Gates will make his profits.

"What shall I furnish my cozy corner with?" "Oh, any good, desirable, seventeen-year-old blonde."—Life.

Politics and Bricks

Non-political bricks are now being delivered for the construction of the new sewer. The work is fairly under way at last. As a gentle reminder of costly subservience to the scheme of the "political brickmakers," the city has been notified by the contractors that it will be held responsible for storm damage incurred through delay in delivery of brick.

Political brickmaking has been an expensive experience for Los Angeles, but should it effectually debar all similar schemes in the future it will be worth all it cost. To have maintained the principle that a coterie of politicians may form combinations to secure contracts in competition with already established occupations and businesses would have been a dangerous precedent, whose power for harm can scarcely be overestimated.

The political brickmakers could not carry out their contract; but they secured through their political influence delays and other consideration that would have been accorded to none who do business simply on business principles. These favors were bestowed at the expense of the city, and to the injury of real brickmakers who stood ready to fulfil any contracts they might make.

A good politician is not necessarily a good brick-maker.

Mr. Slopay—What is the high price of beef owing to, Mr. Slawterham—the trusts?

The Butcher—No, Sir. It's owing to me, and has been owing to me for the last six months. Could you let me have a little on account, Mr. Slopay?

The Esch-Townsend Bill

The Esch-Townsend bill, passed by the House of Representatives to regulate railway rates, increases the number of members of the Interstate Commerce Commission from five to seven, raises their salaries from \$7,500 to \$10,000 a year, establishes a Court of Transportation composed of five Circuit Court Judges, the number of Circuit Judges being increased by five for that purpose, and authorizes the Interstate Commerce Commission to order changes in unreasonable rates, the orders to be in force on thirty days' notice, subject to appeal to the Court of Transportation within sixty days. Provision is made for expediting action in such cases, and a corporation failing to observe the rate fixed by the Commission is to be subject to a fine of \$5,000 per day and costs of collection.

Frederick Palmer, writing in Collier's Weekly, repeats the warning already sounded in the *Graphic* that this or any other bill regulating conditions of traffic will find plenty of obstruction in the Senate.

"The railroads are looking to the Senate," says Mr. Palmer. "They know their men. There is no cloture in the Senate. It is more of a deliberative than a legislative body. A few men who insist on talking can prevent the passage of a measure, or it can be so amended, so involved in clauses and punctuation, that it will be unconstitutional. Not only the attorneys and the retainers of the railroads, but the presidents, the overlords themselves of the great oligarchy, have come to Washington. The sleeping lion is aroused. It enters the halls of the Capitol with the soft approach of padded paws that are conscious of their power. It pleases the railroad men, it pleases the Senators, whose personal interests are

such that they prefer no action, to have the question made complex."

One little amendment might destroy the effect of the bill. The President and his admirers must be hawklike in their scrutiny. The railroad men who visit the White House may seem quite pleased with the bill. Meanwhile, railroads are putting the screws on in many places. Typical of this is the resolution of the representatives of the Eastern railroads in Chicago to "discontinue immediately any and all concessions of every kind or character to steamship agents or companies, including commissions, salaries, side cuts, reduced fare or free tickets, or any form of gratuity whatever, for the purpose of controlling or diverting transatlantic travel."

This is done nominally because "the interested lines have agreed to discontinue at once all practices contrary to the Anti-Trust and Interstate Commerce laws." To think that rates should be taken out of the hands of these law-abiding, self-sacrificing men and put in the hands of a dishonest Government commission! But the kernel of this nut is that the forty thousand or more Italians and Scandinavians who go through Chicago to Europe every year will have to pay higher rates. That means public sentiment against the bill. Truly, the President is breaking a lance with a mighty power, old in politics, commanding the best of legal talent. That is, if he may be said to be breaking a lance. The fight is one for the public rather than against the railroads. He has consulted all sides freely.

The Editor's Regrets

Into the office, ink-begrimed,
A fairy vision flew;
She left a poem to be read,
Tied up with ribbon blue.

'Twas sprinkled we'll with "o'er" and "e'en,"
And such poetic pets,
And so he put a slip within—
The Editor Regrets.

Yet she herself a poem was
Of perfect workmanship,
And simply perfect were the feet
He heard so lightly trip.

His wealth is small. That poem fair
His peace of mind upsets;
It was not offered to him, still—
The Editor Regrets.

—New York Sun.

An Automobile Primer

What is an Automobile?
It is an Infernal Machine used by the Classes for dealing
Death to the Masses.

Whence is its Name Derived?
From Auto and Mob. Hence, an Automobilist ought to be
mobbed.

What is the Difference between an Automobile and a Bunch
of Violets?
The Smell.

What is an Auto-Race?

A Race of Men who Drive Automobiles.

What do they Look like?

Like a Wild Man of Borneo disguised as an Esquiman.

What are they called?

Chauffeurs.

Why?

Because they show Furs in all sorts of Weather or Climate.

What is the Difference between an Automobile and Beau
Brummel?

Beau Brummel was a Lady-Killer, but an Automobile will
kill Anybody.

What follows the Automobile?

The Autopsy.

—Carolyn Wells in Collier's.

By The Way

McLachlan's Valuable Services.

The increase in the allowance for a public building to a total of \$1,050,000, with \$100,000 added to that for increasing the site, calls attention to the excellent work done for the city and county by our representative in Congress, James McLachlan. He is now entering upon his fourth term, for which he was nominated by acclamation and elected by a majority so overwhelming as to leave no doubt as to the sentiment felt toward him by the people of the county. Not only did he receive the full partisan vote, but the independent vote as well, running against a staunch Democrat and an enthusiastic speaker, who put up a campaign of unusual vigor. In spite of the vindictive abuse constantly showered upon Mr. McLachlan by a local personal organ, it is evident that he is the first choice of the people of this district for the position he occupies, and that he may retain his seat as long as he is willing to serve there. It is much to be hoped that he will continue, as it is of great advantage to the region to be represented by the same man one session after another, particularly by one whose faculty for making friends enables him to accomplish substantial gains for the district. Mr. McLachlan has a place on one of the most influential committees of the House—the River and Harbor Committee—and with the leverage this gives, he is able not only to secure funds for harbor development—this year he has obtained \$250,000 for the inside harbor—but also to take care of the interests of Los Angeles in every other direction. We take the good work of our public men too much as a matter of course, at the same time that we find a great deal of fault with their mistakes if any occur. The people of this city owe Mr. McLachlan a considerable debt of gratitude for his services to date, and if he consents to continue for three or four terms longer, the actual money value of his work will run into a large figure—much larger than the small salary which the government allows to its Congressmen.

It will relieve many who have been anxious concerning Gen. H. G. Otis's safety during his travels in the precarious East to know that he is accompanied by his faithful henchman, "Jakey" Baum. "Jakey" knows the pitfalls.

Good for the Mayor.

Mayor McAleer is to be thoroughly congratulated on his reappointment of Dr. John R. Haynes to the civil service commission. The appointment is the more commendable in that it acquits the mayor of the charge of anxiety to do personal politics on the commissions. It had been bruited about for some weeks that Mayor McAleer did not intend to reappoint Dr. Haynes. I do not know whom the doctor supported in the last city election, but I have good reason to believe some of McAleer's friends insisted that he had used his influence for Snyder. Furthermore, since Dr. Haynes came out last year flat-footed against the Times's city printing graft, he has been persona non grata to Gen. Otis, whose influence, via Fred Baker, was believed to be making serious inroads upon the mayor's independent judgment. And, again, Mayor McAleer has already fallen foul of civil service on several occasions, and if he had merely consulted his personal preferences he might have

weakened the commission instead of maintaining its strength by keeping Dr. Haynes thereon. These conditions are worth analysis, because the result proves that McAleer has risen above any personal prejudice and has made an appointment that will be universally accepted as being for the best interests of the municipality. It is well known that Dr. Haynes has made a life-study of municipal politics and years ago was foremost in the agitation for direct legislation and civil service. His two years' experience on the civil service commission makes his continued presence there invaluable. Incidentally, there are very few men with as many professional and business cases constantly pressing who are willing to devote so much time to the public service as Dr. Haynes. His especial endeavor has been to raise the standard of the police and fire forces, and already much good in these directions may be observed.

Tom Strohm Should Stay.

Mayor McAleer is making a mistake—a very grave mistake—in insisting on the removal of Thomas Strohm as fire chief. The one crucial question to be asked about the head of the fire department is, "Is he competent?" Measured by this standard, Thomas Strohm fulfills the requirements. The underwriters know it; the people know it. His "fault" in Mayor McAleer's eyes is that he supported M. P. Snyder for mayor. Suppose he did. Is that a crime? Then a good many Republicans in this town are criminals. I am loth to believe that Mayor McAleer intends to vindicate himself at the expense of the efficiency of the fire department.

Efficiency the First Requisite.

This question of the relative magnitude of efficiency and politics as factors in fire department affairs was fought out some years ago when an attempt was made to supplant Charles Fuselehr as assistant chief. Charley Fuselehr had worked his way to the position by force of merit. The place was wanted for Fred T. Hughes, now in the health department. The reason? Hughes is a Republican. The people and the merchants and the non-partisan element squelched that movement. Fred Hughes was and is a good fellow, but he didn't align with Fuselehr as to competency. I suppose that in this instance Mayor McAleer will say that he will get somebody as competent as Strohm. Will he? Maybe, but the risk in making the test is too great, and a fire chief is judged by his achievements. The mass of the people don't care a rap whether Strohm voted for McAleer or voted for Snyder, and Mr. McAleer should realize it. They do care what sort of man is to ride in the chief's red buggy, and Mr. McAleer should realize it.

What For, Then?

I am in receipt of a courteous note from Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in reference to a paragraph in last week's **Graphic** concerning his posing before the camera in an attitude of prayer. Dr. Chapman says: "Your reference to me in the columns of your paper was so courteous that I desire to say to you, that I quite share your opinion as to posings, etc., but that the picture to which you refer was not intended for the use to which it was put." I am sorry Dr. Chapman felt impelled to write this letter, as it casts a cloud in my mind as to his sincerity, and that he is insincere I am loth to believe. During his campaign

in this city Dr. Chapman frequently posed before the camera for newspaper purposes; in other words, to advertise himself, or, to put it more charitably, his work. If Dr. Chapman shares my opinion as to the lack of taste which makes such posing possible, why did he consent to stand the photographer's fire? Furthermore, if the "kneeling in prayer" picture "was not intended for the use to which it was put," for what use, in heaven or on earth, was it intended? Dr. Chapman's explanation does not explain. It matters not for what purpose the photograph was intended. It is obvious that the reverend evangelist knelt down before the Examiner's camera in an attitude of prayer, and his position is the more humiliating, if, indeed, "he quite shares my opinion as to posing, etc."

Fair devotee—"I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery."

Minister (shocked)—"That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name."

"Keep Off the Grass."

Superintendent of Schools Foshay, who naturally is anxious to secure adequate accommodation for the executive work of his department, has made a suggestion which I hope will go no further. He has proposed that accommodation should be set aside for the Board of Education and the superintendent's office in the new library building in Central Park. In the first place, it seems to me there would be no justification for the Library Trustees or the City Council to grant any such concession. The people consented to the erection of a building in Central Park for a specific purpose—a public library, and none other. Again, one of the arguments the **Graphic** urged against a building of any kind in Central Park was that it might prove the entering wedge for the invasion of this or other parks by more public buildings. In my humble opinion, backed by a very substantial minority at the late city election, the erection of any building at all in the limited area of Central Park is a grave mistake, but it would be still more grave if Superintendent Foshay's suggestion were accepted by the authorities. Some other department of the city government would soon look with covetous eyes upon Central Park and be anxious for further enlargement of the building for its convenience. To Superintendent Foshay and any

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others who may be inclined to follow his example, I would respectfully urge the wisdom of keeping off the grass.

For the Police.

The advertisement of the Times posted on the top of one of the new street lights on Broadway still continues to flaunt in the faces of the people the fact that a powerful corporation will not be called upon to obey the law by the city authorities. This sign is in violation of a necessary city ordinance, and it is only one-half a block from the city police station. If any store along Broadway should hoist its sign on top of the lamp in front of its door, its proprietor would immediately be arrested and fined. Are the police actually afraid of the Times and may it do as it likes about obeying the law? The Times has given us plenty of editorials about the disfiguring of the landscape with billboards and poles, but in hoisting its sign on the light post it shows not only its contempt for the city authorities and the public, but also its lack of common decency. However, these things may surprise no one; they are taken as a matter of course, because we are used to that paper and its little ways. Come, come, Chief Hammel! Instruct your men to do their duty and order the removal of that anarchistic sign at once.

Strong Pressure Needed.

The city electrician and certain members of the council are busily at work figuring up some 135 different varieties of reasons why the city should not adopt the Foster police signal system, and these will be sprung on the public from time to time as the agitation in favor of better police protection in the residence districts gets too strong to be stood off longer. There is in reality only one potent reason why the Foster system is not adopted, and that is that the Gamewell people and the Sunset Telephone people, who are working in alliance, do not wish it to be accepted. The commercial and civic bodies have now appealed to the Police Commission, asking them to appeal again to the council for the adoption of the system. Their predecessors asked the preceding council, endless tests were made, and it was agreed that 100 signal lights and boxes were to be put in. But they were not put in, and there is no prospect that the present council will keep faith for its predecessor until some strong pressure is brought to bear to offset the pressure from the other direction.

Municipal League's New Head.

H. C. Witmer, who has been elected to succeed J. O. Koepfli as president of the Municipal League, has been a resident of Los Angeles about twenty-five years and is recognized as a man of character, force and ability. He and his brother built the Second street cable line in 1885 and purchased and developed large areas of residence property in the Second and Third Wards. They were the founders of the California Bank, now the American National, and they started Broadway on its career as a business street by constructing the block now occupied by the bank on the corner of Second street. Mr. Witmer was for some time president of the California Bank, but failure of his health from overwork drove him out of business for several years. He is a large property owner and a director in a number of different enterprises, including the Los Angeles National

Bank. When the Chamber of Commerce was organized he was one of its first directors and was always ready with time and labor and money to help along that important line of public work. He is admirably qualified both in temperament and in business experience for the position to which he has been elected, and he enjoys a high degree of public confidence. It is most profoundly to be hoped that his improved health will admit of his continuing with the office through the next year.

This has been a very slow week. Johnny McKinney has not been fined for beating the speed ordinance with his motor car.

Broughton's Infamous Bill.

The infamies of the present legislature are so abundant that it is almost impossible to keep up with them. One of the most astounding impudences broached by any legislator is that fathered by Senator Broughton (Senate Bill No. 174), which provides for the secret granting of valuable franchises by Boards of Supervisors and City Councils of the State. It is so brazen in its impudence that one can hardly believe one's eyes. The bill provides for the sale of franchises for cash bids, and that a city council granting the franchise may advertise for bids or not, "in its discretion." Secret bidding would no doubt be far more agreeable to the agents of corporations who framed this bill and whose experience has taught them that it is far more easy to "handle" a council than to bunco the public. If such an abomination of a bill were made law, the streets of the city and the highways of the State would soon be transferred from the people to the corporations by supervisors and councilmen "at their discretion." I cannot for a moment believe that so vicious a bill has any chance of passage, but it will be well to keep one's weather eye open. Senator Broughton? Of course, everybody knew with whose stick he was tarred before he was elevated from the Assembly to the Senate. An excellent candidate, E. W. Camp, who had proved his independence and his worth in the Assembly, was cast aside by the Republican convention for Mr. Broughton. Mr. Camp would have served the people. Mr. Broughton is serving his people.

San Francisco Police Stench.

San Francisco is having trouble with its police affairs—as usual. Chief Wittman has been suspended for "wilful neglect of duty and incompetency." His suspension means his early removal. The real reason of his suspension is said to be that the graft of \$2000 a week from Chinatown, and other grafts, are "needed in the interest of the administration." The confession of Sergeant Ellis that he received \$250 a week and each of the patrolmen under him \$40 a week from the keepers of Chinese gambling dens in return for police protection precipitated Wittman's downfall. It is argued that Wittman must have been cognizant of this arrangement. If he did not know of it, he is incompetent. If he knew of it, it is considered probable that he was receiving a still more handsome rake-off than his subordinate's \$1,000 a month. The general impression in San Francisco seems to be that the Ruef-Schmitz administration has not been getting its share of these emoluments, and however bad Wittman may have been, it is feared his successor will

be worse. It is feared that Schmitz may appoint his brother chief of police, so that it may be a family affair. Then one police commissioner, who is in the cigar business, will again be able to treble his trade; saloonkeepers who have not already given their insurance to another commissioner will hasten to do so, and so on. The rottenness of police affairs is so stenching that it is a marvel San Francisco does not rise in revolt. Which makes us the more gratified that our own stables received a thorough cleaning some months ago.

Jordan's Final Fire.

Those newspaper men of Los Angeles who know Joe Jordan personally are wondering what will become of him after the legislative scandal has become a memory and the four Senators are punished according to their deserts. Jordan's usefulness has ended anywhere in the State, as far as his profession is concerned—has ended everywhere once his connection with this bribery scandal is known. I have been acquainted with Jordan for over fifteen years and he is not the man one would pick out as being liable to be mixed up in bribery. He is a short, thick-set, quick-witted little chap, possessing a fund of humor that made him valuable in covering any class of newspaper work. Years ago, when he was on the Examiner, he was one of the hardest drinking men I ever knew—a fault that earned for him his discharge about once a week. Many a time I have seen Tom Garrett quickly emerge from the city editor's room of the Examiner and say peremptorily, "Jordan, you're drunk. You're fired." Jordan never took the "firing" seriously but once. With this one occasion there is associated another story characteristic of Garrett. Jordan's rule was to report for duty next day at 1 p. m., and Garrett, who at heart liked Jordan, always put him to work without saying a word about the "firing" of the day before. The one occasion when Jordan didn't show up seemed to jar Garrett's sensibilities. He met Jordan about 3 o'clock that afternoon, down in the street.

"Why didn't you show up at 1 o'clock?" demanded Garrett fiercely. "What do you mean?"

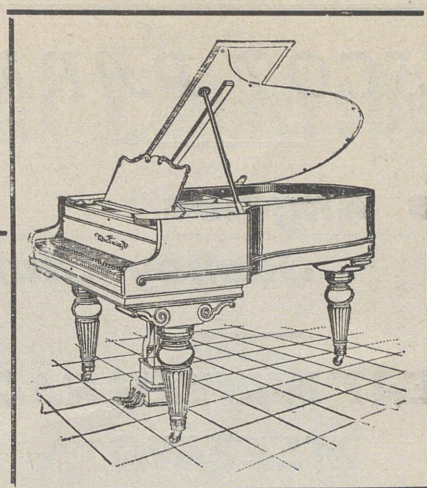
"Why, Mr. Garrett, you fired me yesterday," replied Jordan.

"Didn't do anything of the sort, sir," responded Garrett grimly. "If you expect to work for the Examiner you are to show up at 1 o'clock; you understand?"

Jordan understood. Of late years he has sobered down and had been doing excellent work for Garrett on the Post. The revelations at Sacramento, I am sure, have hurt Garrett more than he will tell, for he is a man who places few confidences and seldom mistakes a man's real character.

Julius A. Brown's Task.

The Children's Home Society of California is to be congratulated. Its directors have elected Julius A. Brown president. If there is any man hereabouts who may be relied upon to purge the Society from all scandal and to re-establish it on a permanent



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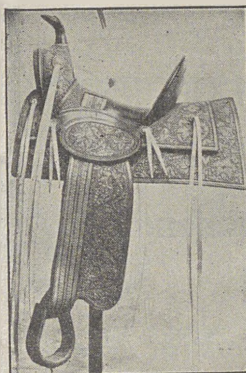
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business and satisfactory basis, it is Julius A. Brown. Mr. Brown is a sturdy Scot, with a sound business head upon broad shoulders. He is the man who did much to make the wheels of last year's Methodist Conference go round so smoothly and swiftly. He was chairman of one of the most important committees, and his signal services were recognized by a handsome testimonial after the conference. On the golf links Mr. Brown is known as "The 'Laird of Hemet,'" in which place he used to reside before coming to Los Angeles. It is notorious that children's homes of all kinds in California have, with few exceptions, been conducted on costly lines and with poor results. The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, it will be recalled, found that the Children's Home Society of California was so extravagantly financed that it refused its endorsement. Thereupon ensued the "fearful fracas" between C. White Mortimer and Felix Zeelandelaar, to which I alluded last week. Mr. Brown has succeeded Mr. Mortimer as the Society's president. He has time to devote to the affairs of the institution, and I miss my guess if he does not at once commence plans of reorganization that will prove thoroughly effective.

Ollie Morosco Convalescent.

The strenuous life that Oliver Morosco has been leading for some time at last caused a temporary breakdown. With theaters in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland, and the destinies of several stock companies on his hands, and planning a new theater on Broadway, the strain was already heavy enough without the Casino arising like a nightmare to trouble him. That ill-fated house has already "been the death" of one man, and I should think Morosco and Wyatt have already had about enough of it. From latest reports I am glad to hear that Mr. Morosco is recovering, but he has had a serious jolt, which may be a lesson that one man cannot carry three men's loads.

Pioneer Newspaperman Gone.

Another pioneer newspaperman passed in his last copy this week. Joseph Asbury Johnson had almost reached the Psalmist's toll of years, but up to a month or so ago was still in active newspaper work. Despite many and grievous disappointments, Joseph Johnson's heart was always full of hope and his work vigorous. He came to Southern California thirty-five years ago and founded the Santa Barbara Press. He did much valuable missionary work for the Land of Sunshine by lecturing in the East. Mr. Johnson did not escape the mining fever and was one of Alaska's pioneers. Of late years his newspaper work was mainly in connection with mining and agriculture and for the past four years he was on the staff of the Herald. He had devoted much study to a quartz milling process which he had perfected and on which he secured patents a few months before his death. This invention, he was confident, would eventually bring him the fortune he had striven so hard to attain. Joseph Johnson was a rugged character of sterling manhood with the kindest heart. He leaves a widow, a sister of George H. Stewart, and several children.

Examiner Editors.

Here is the unkindest cut of all! Town Talk of San Francisco learns that Sam Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York American, has been suf-

fering from an attack of nervous prostration and was accordingly ordered by Mr. Hearst to Los Angeles to recuperate. Mr. Chamberlain arrived here some time before Christmas to take temporary charge of the local Examiner, but certainly during his regime did not show any signs of nervous prostration. In fact, I am told he found that conducting one of Hearst's newspapers was just as strenuous in Los Angeles as in New York. Mr. Chamberlain leaves the Examiner in the excellent hands of Arthur L. Clarke, who has been identified with it since its birth over a year ago. Mr. Clarke has made hosts of friends since he came to Los Angeles and has done much to prove to the people that a Hearst paper is not necessarily such anathema as has been generally supposed.

Finnegan—"Oh, yis, Oi can undershtand how thim astronmers can calkilate th' distance av a shtarr, its weight, and dinsity and color, and all that—but th' thing thot gets me is, how th' divvle do they know it's name."—Puck.

A Prosperous Poet.

Poetry and impecuniosity are popularly supposed to be almost synonymous, while the poverty of newspapermen is frequently made the subject of pained humor by newspapermen themselves. Los Angeles newspapermen and poets are different. It is not so long ago that I mentioned the retirement of a city hall reporter with a substantial balance to his credit at his bank. Now I notice the fervid and graceful poem-maker of the Times, John S. McGroarty, blossoming forth as a financier. While details are scant, the outlook, I hope, is very promising. Mr. McGroarty, who has stirred us with patriotic verse and whose editorials are always marked with an unmistakable individuality—quite an unusual trait in the Times, unless, in deed, marked by "Huhs" and "Quien Sabes"—is now president of the Princess Land and Water Company. I hope the new company won't interfere with Mr. McGroarty's muse, but that its dividends will inspire him to land and water paeans.

Hypercritical?

Los Angeles people have not been accustomed to much scholarly musical criticism. Even a superficial knowledge of music is not always thought essential for the equipment of the "critic" of the daily press. His chief requirement has been to treat amateurs with kindness and discretion, to wax enthusiastic over the great ones of the earth when they condescend to us-ward, and to "roast" with fervor any stray game that comes within his limited range. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the epistles of my friend and colleague, Frederick Stevenson, have excited some warmth among the sensitive and some indignation among the unworthy. But those who really know and care are grateful that in the columns of the **Graphic** are always to be found the very direct and individual opinions of Frederick Stevenson, based as they are on sound music scholarship. Few of us will agree with Mr. Stevenson all

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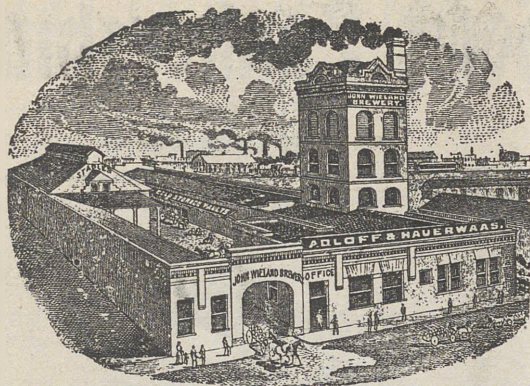
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the time, but most of us will have respect for his opinions. I must confess that I was considerably shocked when he assured us that Gadske sang off the key, and my ideals were still more ruthlessly shattered when last week he "went for" Melba's claims to greatness. A charming woman, who is herself a musician of no small degree, said to me the other evening: "Good gracious, what is the matter with your Mr. Stevenson? I'm sure St. Peter won't pass him at the pearly gates for fear 'the professor' will find fault with the harp supplied to him, and if he is still on earth on the day of judgment you will find the professor quarreling with Gabriel, complaining that his trumpet is not up to concert pitch." Therefore it is the greatest relief to me that Mr. Stevenson thoroughly approves of the Savage Opera Company.

One on Murphy.

Francis Murphy tells a story of a Chicago pork butcher's protest against prohibition. Brother Murphy had been wrestling with the butcher over the evils of strong drink, but he confesses he was somewhat disconcerted when his candidate for the Murphy ribbon exclaimed:

"Well, sir, I guess there ain't no Bible authority agin the sale of good liquors. We know that Noah drank, David likewise, and we have apostolic authority to use wine medicinally; in fact, sir, I've just read the Bible from kiver to kiver, and I can only find one instance of a man asking for water, and he was in hell."

Watch the "Pink."

"Pet", the Sacramento correspondent of the Record, is home again. Mr. Peterson examined the "attache" imposition on the tax payers from inside sources and is now competent to write with an expert's knowledge of its evils. You will hear him roar in the "Pink". For the "attache" matter is germane to sporting events.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Power.

The only remnant of outward sentimentality about Ella Wheeler Wilcox is her famous thumb ring. It is, I think, a topaz or a very yellow diamond. Mrs. Wilcox in a conversation I had with her recently seemed to hope that people would some day forget the literary and poetical sins of her early youth and come to judge her by her admirable and sincere products of later years. Despite all the fun we have been wont to poke at her, I know of few writers who cheer and encourage the hearts of the masses as much as does Mrs. Wilcox. She writes down to the hearts of "the plain people", and as a result she is widely loved,—nay almost revered by her readers.

No Sympathy With Hyde.

"I am not consumed with grief by reading of the troubles of young Mr. Hyde of the Equitable Life Insurance Company," said a newspaperman to me this week. "Mr. Hyde came out here last summer with the special train party accompanying Mrs. George Gould. When the reporters boarded the train, Mr. Hyde treated them, as snobs always do, with low bred insolence. One of the men replied in polite but forcible language and Mr. Hyde retired to the seclusion of the dining car and was seen

no more. If his business manners are as bad as those he displayed on the occasion referred to, Prefident Alexander will get the best of the contest.'

"I heard you make use of the word 'jackass,' sir; did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't imagine you're the only jackass in the world, do you?"

Gen. Sherman's Jaw.

General M. H. Sherman's reappointment to the Water Board is another of Mayor McAleer's acts upon which he will receive no adverse criticism. When "Uncle" George Hearst went to Arizona years ago he met the General who was then plain Moses Sherman,—but not so very plain either. "Uncle George" took a liking to the young man and was ever afterward his friend. He used to ask Arizonans visiting San Francisco, "Do you know a big young fellow down there named Moses Sherman? Yes? Well you keep an eye on him; just notice that lower jaw of his and see how he gets ahead in the world." It is that jaw with the big brain above it that has made the General what he is. By the way it may be proper to add that the General never overworks his jaw in public.

Gates Enjoying Himself.

John W. Gates disappointed the bookies at Ascot on Monday when he hastened to the track immediately after his arrival in the city. George Rose had told me the evening before, "John W. is not such a very high bettor. He usually sticks up \$1,000 or \$1,500 on each race, but that is all,—just small bets like that." And Rose was talking seriously. When John W. got into the betting ring he walked up to George's book and handed up a five. "Put that on Requirer" he said. Rose who did not see the amount John W. had given over the counter, sang out "1,500 on Requirer". And John W. had quite a time explaining that his bet was only five dollars. The entire amount of his wagers on Monday was \$80. Mr. Gates came to Los Angeles "for fun" he said. I can tell you that he has been having bales of it, and that he works just as hard enjoying himself as he does in doing what he says he never does, making "corners."

"Fooling the People."

The Argonaut, under the heading of "Authorship of a Wise Saying in Dispute," says that the Cleveland Plaindealer, after trying for some time to answer inquiries regarding the occasion of Abraham Lincoln's use of the words, "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but not all the people all the time," gives it up. Colonel Hay was appealed to, but that biographer of President Lincoln had to acknowledge he never encountered the sentence when making minute investigation of Lincoln's speeches, papers, letters, and recorded sayings. An Ohio congressman, who had been asked the question, referred the inquirer to the Library of Congress, where, if anywhere, the information could be obtained. The Washington Post reports the result. Assistant Librarian Spofford made a written reply, in which he says the sentence does not occur in any of Lincoln's writings, adding that Mr. Nicolay, Lincoln's secretary and associate of Colonel John Hay, in writing the elaborate biography of Lincoln, told Spofford the alleged Lincoln saying was spurious. Librarian Spofford

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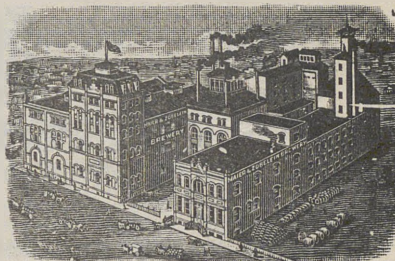
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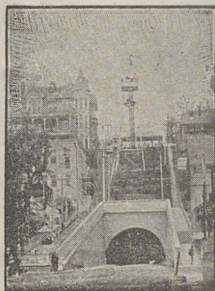
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says the real author of the popular sentence was Phineas T. Barnum, the famous showman, who "fooled the people" more successfully than any other man of his time. My erudite friend, Major Ben Truman, who knew both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Barnum intimately, and also Mr. Spofford, is surprised at the declaration of the latter, because, as he says, his old friend Spofford would not have said what he did in his better days. "Besides," continued Major Truman, "the remark sounds exactly like Mr. Lincoln and not at all like Mr. Barnum. Indeed, the latter claimed in his book and in his lecture that the people liked to be fooled. But it is just like many of the wonderful epigrammatic sayings of the martyr President, although neither Mr. Hay or Mr. Nicolay managed to trace it. Barnum, believing that the great majority of the people liked to be fooled, and that he was the very man who could fool them—all of them all the time. But as Mr. Lincoln, or some other than Barnum expressed it, there was engenderment of profound thought. It has been generally believed that Mr. Lincoln made the remark to some editor, or possibly to Mr. Barnum himself, after the fall elections in 1863, when the Copperheads of Ohio and Indiana and some other Northern States, were routed and Brough defeated Vallandigham by 102,000 majority. President Lincoln and the great showman were friends, and it would be just like Mr. Lincoln to say to the man who believed he could fool everybody what he has always had the credit of saying. It is a wonderful putting together of a few words, and as felicitous as erudite. From the standpoint of the cipher it fits Lincoln's other sayings to a charm; and the iconoclastic god-smasher does not seem in this instance to have got in his work acceptably or efficaciously."

First Shopper—Sometimes it is hard to find what you want.
Second Shopper—Yes; especially when you don't know what it is.—Judge.

A California Winner.

The interest excited by Collier's short story competition was best evidenced by the fact that some 12,000 manuscripts were submitted. The winner of the third prize of \$1000 was Raymond M. Alden, one of Stanford University's brilliant young professors. Mr. Alden's story is called "In the Promised Land", the scene of which, it is said, is laid in California—as, of course, it should be. Professor Alden married about a year ago Miss Barbara Hitt, sister of Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, wife of the editor of the Evening Express. Mr. Clover himself, I believe, was among the competitors, and although he was not successful in capturing one of the big prizes, there is "one in the family." Furthermore, Mr. Clover's story has been retained by Collier's, which means that it will be published some day, and on remunerative terms.

Russia's Evil Genius.

The Grand Duke Sergius, who was "dispatched" by the Terrorists in Moscow last Friday, was the most hated man in Russia. From the day the late Czar, Alexander II., handed over the young Czar-witch—a lad of eighteen—to his brother Serge's care "to be made a man of" he had been his imperial nephew's evil genius. By way of introducing the boy into military life and society he surrounded him with his own creatures, dissipated, extravagant companions, flatterers and weaklings, obtaining a further hold over the young heir by professing a roman-

tic devotion to his mother—now the Dowager Empress—whilst as a crowning stroke of policy he arranged the marriage which placed his wife's sister on the throne.

The Grand Duke was a devoted adherent to the Orthodox Church. His ideal of a statesman was the bigoted arch-inquisitor, Pobiedonostseff. He was as incompetent, his critics say, of civil as of military affairs. Though in his twofold capacity of governor of Moscow and commander of the troops he drew the colossal salary of \$1,500,000 a year, his administration was marked by incompetence and corruption. For years the old nobles and proud patrician merchants of Moscow held aloof from his festivities. His widow and the Czarina are daughters of the popular Princess Alice of Hesse.

Sergius's Widow.

The Grand Duke's widow, Elizabeth of Hesse, was in her day the loveliest girl in Europe and was Kaiser William's first love. An especial favorite of her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and of the Empress Frederick, on the strength of her resemblance to the Prince Consort, every effort was made by both royal ladies to bring about her marriage with the Crown Prince of Germany; but Bismarck willed otherwise. Her union with the sinister, evil-tempered Russian—of whom Queen Victoria could never trust herself to speak—ended with last week's terrible tragedy. The Grand Duchess is artistic and intellectual and, it is said, has always lived her own life. In person she is tall and distinguished-looking, with faultless features and a dazzling complexion. When she went to England for the late Queen's jubilee she took London by storm, and her appearance at the state ball in cloth of silver and gleaming emeralds was the sensation of the night at Buckingham Palace.

Stoessel a Hero?

As if Russia had not troubles enough, it now seems that one of her few satisfactions in the present war, the heroism of Gen. Stoessel at Port Arthur, is destined to be rudely disturbed. In William Greener's book, "A Secret Agent in Port Arthur," he gives the following study of Stoessel:

"Once he struck an unsuspecting civilian across the face with his riding whip because the man had failed to recognize and salute him as he was riding through the town. Nor can it be said that Gen. Stoessel was loved by his officers or their men. All dreaded him. Soldiers seeing him approach would turn up side streets, hide away behind godowns, get anywhere out of his way. He careered through the town like a whirlwind, shouting, commanding, blustering. The sentries shook as he neared them. He would ask a soldier who he was, where he came from, when he joined the regiment, and if he saw nothing to complain of in the man's appearance would command him to take off his boots there and then so that he might inspect his foot rags; if these were correct, as likely as not he would ask to see the extra pairs in the man's kit—rarely indeed did a soldier so examined escape the interviewer without a punishment or a reprimand. It was said by many Russians that if war should come General Stoessel would be shot from behind by some of his own soldiers, so widely and so thoroughly was he hated. A strict disciplinarian, he regarded his men as so many fighting units

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whose duty it was in peace-time to keep themselves in fighting trim, and in order that they might be found so when he should require them he did his best to keep them sufficiently fed, properly clothed, and in good health."

Disraeli and Gladstone.

The centenary of Disraeli's birth has revived many good stories of the English statesman, who indeed was not an Englishman at all but an Asiatic. In the brilliant and sarcastic sketch of his great rival as Toplady Falconet which Lord Beaconsfield left in the fragment of his last work lately published by the New York Times he lays stress on the entire absence of any sense of humor in the Liberal leader. It was a mistaken conclusion. It was only the Disraeli wit that was too much for Gladstone, who had but one adjective for his Tory opponent, and that was "devilish." Never during the years of their opposing leadership had the two any social relations. Each made light of the other's literary efforts. Someone asked Disraeli to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, and unhesitatingly it came. "If Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames it would be a misfortune; if anybody should pull him out it would be a calamity." But the best of all the Gladstone-Disraeli stories tells how once at a London dinner party the ladies at the table were asked which they would marry if they had to take one or the other, the great Liberal or the great Tory. All declared promptly in favor of Beaconsfield save one, who hastened to explain that she had rather wed Gladstone that she might elope with Disraeli and so break her husband's heart. This happening was, of course, retold to Disraeli, and so pleased was he over it that he suspended a Cabinet debate on the chances of a continental war in order to relate it.

Priests as Doctors.

Under the direction of the Pope the question has been raised whether priests on missionary duty may practice medicine and surgery and, if so, to what extent and under what conditions. It is intended to extend the permission already granted to many Catholic missionaries in order that they may successfully compete with Protestant clergymen, the secret of whose religious success lies in the ministrations they are able to tender the natives in their

material ills. Hitherto Catholic priests were permitted to prescribe medicine, but surgery and the shedding of blood, unless in extreme cases or in minor operations, were absolutely forbidden to them.

Hotel "Dead-heads".

A Berlin newspaper contains the following advertisement: "Wanted, for a first class restaurant, shortly to be opened, a few well-dressed gentlemen of elegant appearance and distinguished manners, to attract customers. Meals free, and commission." The professional entertainer is not unknown in our own tourist hotels and a very valuable commodity he is, if he is the right sort. He must be an Admirable Crichton of hotel virtues; must dress well, have unimpeachable manners, be constantly on the alert to relieve the ennui of a disgruntled guest and to provide fresh ideas of entertainment; he must sit a horse well, know the intricacies of an automobile, be able to play an accompaniment and rag-time and dance respectably. Not a few of these young men attract the interest of tourist heiresses, and more than one of them has made such a match that he need no longer bother concerning his present bills or his future old age. But the restaurant "dead-head" is a new one on us. Possibly the idea may develop a new field of industry.

He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up a week—
They say, with painter's colic.

Why He Missed It.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of a man in America. Finally the hostess turned to an American, who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must often have seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined and the gentlemen of the party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess, with a shudder.

"Well, no," said the American, apologetically. "Just at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

"Where's Edythe?"

"She's up in her room hand painting a snow shovel."

"Where's Gladys?"

"In the library writin' po'try."

"Where's Clarice?"

"She's in the parlor playing the pianner."

"Where's Gwendolen?"

"Up in her boudoir curlin' her hair."

"And where is ma?"

"Maw? Oh, maw's down in the kitchen gettin' dinner for the bunch."

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Charles A. Elder, the president and manager of the local concern, was for over thirty years connected with the Elder Syndicate, and as early as 1882 had been advanced to the position of assistant manager.

In 1895 he established the Los Angeles branch, and for a time business was conducted under the old name.

From the very start Mr. Elder determined upon the soundest and most conservative principles as the rules of his business.

One of the most remarkable features about this company is that for every dollar of stock that has ever been issued by it, one dollar or more in actual cash has been paid into the company's treasury. There never has been any promoters' stock.

No commissions has ever been paid for the sale of stock, and no inducements whatever have been offered to prospective purchasers, other than the assurance of a square deal and statements as to the past record of the company.

To cap the climax, the officers and directors of this company have never received a dollar of salary. The executive and the other directors are the seven largest stockholders in the concern, and they are recompensed for their services by sales, commissions and dividends on their stocks; and they have been able to show splendid results to the stockholders.

In 1899, after four years of life, it was decided to incorporate the company for \$100,000. Since that time the company has had a growth in financial standing and public esteem which can be compared to only a few similar institutions.

Until now the operations of the company have been conducted in a modest way in small offices. For a long time, however, the volume of business has been so great that new quarters became an absolute necessity.

On the last day of the old year the company removed from Spring street to 337 South Hill street. Here large ground floor accommodations have been secured, and the company has enlarged its former sphere of activities by reason of the additional space afforded.

Complete banking furniture will be installed in a short time and a larger trust and loan business will be conducted than was possible under former conditions. Six per cent interest will be paid depositors on term investments.

The officers of the company are men well known in Los Angeles on account of their business probity and personal standing. A. S. Haneman, the vice-president of the company, is president of the Haneman Realty Company; E. J. Scott, the cashier, was

formerly president of the Scott Hardware Company of South Spring street; W. D. Deeble, the secretary, has been with the company since its inception nine years ago; A. F. Robinson, who has been connected with the company for twenty-five years and is one of its directors, is chief bridge engineer of the Santa Fe system; C. L. Bagley, director, is a prominent local capitalist; the treasurer, George M. Derby, is an insurance man.

The concern has at the present time a paid up capital and surplus of \$180,000.

In seeking an enlargement of its capital stock, it is preparing itself for operations of the future which may call for larger capital.

With this in view, the company will from time to time issue stock from the treasury, selling to the buyer direct without commission, at the current prices.

Among the company's resources are over one hundred houses and thirteen vacant lots, which are being sold on monthly payments, and on which the balance due amounts to \$120,000. The net profits for the past quarter from all sources were \$17,912.16. Total expenses for the same quarter were \$481.65. Total cash dividends paid in past six and three-quarter years amount to 277 per cent, an average of 41 per cent per year.

Each dollar invested in 1895 is now worth \$25.29; \$10 per month invested with this company for past nine years is today worth \$7,924.60.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Perseus Oil Company. Location of principal place of business, Los Angeles, California; location of works, Kern River Oil Fields, Kern County, California. NOTICE.—There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 13th day of December, 1904, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amt.
Langworthy, Mrs. J. D.	184	2,000	\$ 100.00
Bade, Minna.	23	600	50.00
Brooks, B. A.	61	2,000	100.00
Carter, E. F. P.	36	100	5.00
Davidson, Julia or E. C.	140	100	5.00
Dudley, Matilda	173	20,000	1,000.00
Hoy J. E.	175	24,000	1,200.00
Hoy, Caroline L.	15	8,000	400.00
Hoy, Caroline L.	174	1,000	50.00
Halstead, Kate A.	38	100	5.00
Henrickson, S. L.	189	195	9.75
Johnston, A.	20	1,000	\$50.00
Jones, Emma	30	20	1.00
Loughery, W. B.	120	100	5.00
Langworthy, E. S.	122	3,000	150.00
Langworthy, E. S.	161	10,000	500.00
Meys, A. E.	41	100	5.00
Newby, R. B.	19	1,000	50.00
New, A. L.	177	1,000	50.00
Porter, F. R.	27	200	10.00
Plummer, R.	31	500	25.00
Plummer, R.	32	500	25.00
Pedley, W. E.	37	1,000	50.00
Terpenning, G. D.	114	100	5.00
Waring, G. L.	101	1,700	85.00
"	159	1,000	50.00
"	161	1,000	50.00
"	162	1,000	50.00
"	163	1,000	50.00
"	164	250	12.50
"	165	1,000	50.00
"	166	1,000	50.00
"	167	1,000	50.00
"	168	500	25.00
"	169	500	25.00
"	170	500	25.00
"	171	500	25.00
"	172	250	12.50
Walker, J.	58	400	20.00
Morgan, Elsie M.	4	100	5.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 13th day of December, 1904, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, No. 406 Lankershim Building, corner Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of March, 1905, at Ten o'clock A. M. of such day, to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of same.

G. L. WARING, Secretary.

Office Room 406 Lankershim Bldg., corner of Third and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

"Lohengrin" in English! Can you imagine it? Sounds rather "reduced", doesn't it, for those of us who have memories of Bayreuth. Here, however, we don't take our music so seriously. You will never find the society woman of Los Angeles arriving in a drabley ulster, on a rainy day, anxious to sit through a six-hour attack of hand-clapping, glove-splitting enthusiasm. Not much! We use our Americanized grand operas as we do all our other entertainments, for the exploitation of our very best clothes, our most costly garments, and, as a comforting after-thought, a cosy supper afterwards, where we can see each other and be seen even better than at the theater. For the music, well, it was good, but Wagner in English seems almost desecration. After all, who would care if she could only arrive at the Mason in one of those gorgeous opera wraps that are at the present moment on view and for sale at the Boston Store. They are really worth a trip to town to see. A window and a floor full of them! The "lace coat," in ecru or white, heavy point, or Irish, over accordion-pleated chiffon, wide bell sleeves and frou-frous of chiffon at the end, seems to be the very smartest thing yet. The display of evening wraps and dainty evening costumes at the Boston Store this week, are absolutely new—just arrived from Paris and New York—and go a long way towards testifying to one of our prominent Eastern visitors, Julian Hawthorne, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that the women of Los Angeles were given over to dress and fine linen. For "linen" read "lace" this season, I fancy.

But of things "linen" you ought really to see the Forsythe suits that Matheson & Berner are displaying in their exclusive store on the corner of Third and Broadway. I was glad to hear that you had indulged in a Phipps hat; you will never regret it, I know. All you want now is a Forsythe suit. You can have one in linen or silk, but with that "cut" that is only procurable at this very eclectic store.

These things, of course, my dear, are ready-made

and eminently charming, but there are many people—indeed, their name is legion—who simply cannot wear "ready-mades." Their figures don't yield to the steady measurements of the model figure; there are others who must have things made to order; they would faint at the idea of anything else. And now I can tell you of a ladies' tailor who is doing the most charming work, both tailoring and French dressmaking, and at moderate, "possible" prices, too. The name of George P. Taylor has long been a guarantee of excellence among the men, but his new establishment at 525 South Broadway, a whole building devoted to the sartorial art, is one of the most attractive places in town for women, too. It is delightfully equipped with brightly lighted sitting, sewing and fitting rooms. My dear girl, Mr. Taylor "turns out" the most fascinating, "tailory" shirt waists there, to order, in the latest shirtings from as cheap as \$3.50 a shirt to any price you like. An automobile coat, box front, big buttons and beautiful stitching was just going out to one of our smartest ladies when I arrived, in time to have a peep at it. Upstairs one encounters a very charming French woman, formerly head designer for Redfern in Paris, afterwards in New York and Washington. Aren't we progressing in this city of Los Angeles just a little? Well, anyway, here we have the very finest artist in French dressmaking direct from the most famous tailoring establishment in the world. The lady designer has a peculiar talent all her very own. She looks at her client with a long, steady, very thoughtful stare, then rapidly with her pen she sketches for her the waist or costume, or style of adornment that will best suit the figure and individuality of her subject. Then she cuts and fits to the very poise and possible eccentricities of the figure, so as to produce an absolutely faultless model. This establishment of "Taylor's" is a new venture so far as feminine catering is concerned, and undoubtedly our pleasure-loving people have a splendid chance to procure Parisian gowns right on our own Broadway.

Well, my dear girl, of course one is apt to get tired and weary as well as short of cash on a shopping tour of any prolonged kind. 'Tis pity but 'tis true that the plunks will disappear in a marvelously short space of time, and it becomes a necessity to cash a little check just to go along with. Now, I must tell you of one of the most comfortable and restful spots in all the shopping district. It is to be found in the Merchants' Trust Co.'s splendid new building, near Second and Broadway. There you find a charming ladies' retiring room, absolutely private, with comfortable fat chairs, cute little desks,

Wanted Wash Stuffs

The Best of Two Continents

A showing that commands the attention of smart dressers, embracing as it does every new conceit approved by fashion critics.

One of the Very New fabrics is called "EFLEURE," a soft sheer weave, in plain colors and floral designs on white and colored grounds; 75c a yard

Other popular foreign and domestic loom products in profusion.



Coulter Dry Goods Co.,
315-325 S. Broadway

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Print
Shop



FRAMED PICTURES.

A suitable grace pervades our exhibit—so intangible that it is hard to describe, but so definite that it fixes the attention of all who see it.

Sometimes it shows itself in dignified simplicity—sometimes in more sensuous ornateness—but its influence is always seen and felt. It is the result of artistic workmanship, good thought and best materials. Prices as low as consistent with quality.

Our facilities for the artistic framing of pictures are now unsurpassed in town and we invite your order.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,

Next Door North of Coulter's
315 South Broadway

RELIABLE GOODS

POPULAR PRICES

N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.

TELEPHONES:
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DRY GOODS SPRING and THIRD STREETS

Silk Fashions for Spring and Summer

The new silks are full of absorbing interest to the woman who seeks novelty, exclusiveness and style in her attire without having to pay an almost prohibitive price for these luxuries. This department is out-doing all former accomplishments in the way of varieties and values this season.

At \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard

Soft Louisines and Chiffon Taffetas in mixtures, little shepard and pin-head checks, over-plaids and hair-lines, polka-dots, squares and jacquard effects. Scotch tartans in their true colorings and a host of other new things for shirt waist or jacket suits, evening or afternoon gowns. Browns, blues, greens and tans are strong favorites. \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard.

At \$1.00 to \$1.50

Plain colors, changeable and chameleon effects in Chiffon Taffetas, Chiffon Failles and Gros de Londres are some of the most wanted for all classes of gowns. \$1.00 yard to \$1.50.

\$1.00 yard to \$1.50

Crepes Tussar, Burlinghams, Pongee Sackings and Foulards will be extensively bought. \$1.00 yard to \$1.50.

telephone and a cashier's windows of its very own, and last, but by no means least, splendid big mirrors and a dainty lavatory. Fancy all this in a bank, erstwhile an institution solely given over to the Lords of Creation. It does one good to find that women are becoming such important features in the business world.

After leaving this cosy nook, where I enjoyed all the feminine privileges of adding up my expenditures on my fingers without encountering scornful glances from the great army of rubberers, I sallied forth to the Ville de Paris, a very favorite store with me, for it yields all sorts of choice, dainty things that only can be found under the wing of Monsieur Fusenot. I was simply compelled to stay by and watch a purchaser at the embroidery counter. She had some of the most delicious novelties in soft mulle gowns, lawns and Japanese crepes displayed for her. One or two of those all-over embroidered dresses are simply too "peachy" for words. They come in umbrella-shaped flounced skirts, all ready made up except for the back seam, with the material to match for bodice with flouncings and sleeves, of course. They are enormously wide at the foot of the skirt, six or seven yards round, and all a-fluff with dainty scalloped frills. The particular one engaging the buyer's attention was an English embroidered affair, exceedingly swell and dressy, but I saw some plainer ones in boxes with lots of insertions and frills for as low as \$18 a costume—and oh! so cool and summerish.

In Coulter's I was almost solemnly introduced to the "latest thing" in ribbons. To me "ribbons" heretofore simply meant more or less wide silk by the yard on a bolt; but now, my dear, it spells something quite different, for ribbons this spring read "flowers," lovely wreaths and bunches of every kind of spring flowers, which are made up of the very newest shades of satin ribbon. A wreath of violets

with green leaves inserted, all ready to put round a wide summer hat, was such a capital imitation of the real flower I almost thought the sweet saleslady was jollying me when she called it a ribbon wreath. Others of pink-shaded roses, jonquils, poppies and chrysanthemums were so artistically made and such perfect copies of the garden flower they simply enchanted me. It seems that Coulter employs an artistic lady to make up these flowers for Berthas, for evening gowns, collarettes and picture hats, right in the establishment, so one can select a ribbon in any shade and at any price and simply command that by a certain date it be converted into a life-like bunch of flowers. I saw also some beautiful ribbons—this time by the yard—which are converted into these lovely new, wide girdles, into which jeweled buckles and precious stones may be inserted. These also are made on the premises, and some of the Panne and delicate pompadour sash ribbons they have just received there are a tempting treat for the feminine soul. I wonder each time I see these "new thoughts" what will be the next venture. Surely in our grandmothers' time there were not so many lovely things for female adornment. The ingenuity displayed by mankind now for the adornment of his lovely women is simply marvelous! And Adam could only think of a simple fig leaf for his Eve! Well, adieu once more.

Your affectionate friend,

LUCILLE.

Figureoa St., February Twenty-third.

Feline Amenities.

"Women can be very cruel," remarked a well-known woman the other day. "Some of them can be very cunning, too. Some of them can wound you so dexterously that before you know you have been wounded their escape is made.

"Once I saw a young woman wound a slightly older one in that way. She approached the older one at a ball. She greeted her with a radiant smile. She inflicted her wound, and while her victim still thought the wound a compliment she walked away. This is what, in a very loud, clear voice, she said:

"Oh, Helen, dear, that perfect gown! I think it looks lovelier every year."

Good Shoes

How is one to know a good shoe? Appearances don't always tell. Safest way, see if it bears the name Innes Shoe Co.

That proves.



Innes Shoe Co.

258 S. Broadway 231 W. Third

Over The Teacups

While state reformers are talking about legislation that shall make the wheels of society run smoothly—while the Civic League is seeking to better municipal conditions and various clubs are discussing the ethics of things in general, will not somebody take up the case of the man and woman who, having no appreciation of music or drama themselves, nevertheless persist in attending every first night of a good performance, only to disturb the enjoyment of those unfortunate enough to sit near them? When I speak of such a disturbing element at the Mason Opera House last Monday evening, I am sure the sympathies of several dozens of fellow-sufferers are with me in the complaint. Never since the Mason was opened has it accommodated a larger or more representative audience. In the body of the house, about six rows back, sat eight persons, who evidently had come because it was the thing to do. Naturally, they were more interested in the gowns of the women about them than in the opera. That was their privilege, and there would have been no serious objection had they behaved decently and allowed other persons to enjoy the music. But being inanely restless themselves, and unable to appreciate what they had come to hear, they could not endure the strain without perpetual fidgeting. Finally, as the audience, with one accord, leaned forward to hear Lohengrin's swan song, the eight individuals of inartistic temperament and vile manners arose noisily, the women gathering up hats and wraps in a blustering manner, and made their way from the theater. Two men who were obliged to stand in order that they might pass out looked daggers at the vulgar and callous Philistines. Brutally unconscious that they had grossly interfered with the evening's enjoyment of a considerable portion of the audience, the party of eight lingered in the foyer, congratulating themselves, no doubt, on getting the start of the crowd in their exit, and flattering their silly souls that they appreciated grand opera enough to give an evening to "Lohengrin."

Beauty and fashion made the opening night a gala event. Innumerable theater parties had been arranged for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Childs were with Capt. and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry; Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys were entertaining a party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., Miss Guendolin Laughlin, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Russ Avery and Will Reed; Mrs. John E. Plater, Miss Waddilove and Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt were together, while Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano had with them Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, Miss Sweet and Will Wolters.

Among others who heard the opera were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, both keen musicians. Mrs. Sartori was charming in a demure-looking gown of brown in blending shades. Quiet in her tastes, Mrs. Sartori is none the less one of the best dressed women in Los Angeles and one of the prettiest, too, although I don't think she suspects the fact. The Sartoris, I hear, contemplate a visit of several months to Europe this summer.

Backus Heaters

A Steam Heater with Gas for Fuel

NO Odor NO
Smoke
Dust
Ashes
NO Flue NO

Carl Enos Nash

716-18 S. Spring St.

I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Charles Toll in the foyer, and the presence of the ex-councilman at the opera makes one remember that he is a person of well-rounded character, not easily biased in his ideas by extremists along any line. Mr. Toll is a churchman of pronounced views, but he occasionally is seen within theater walls also. When Charles Toll was a member of the city council he was also a teacher in a Sabbath school, and it is recorded of him that he studied his Sunday-school lesson while the other councilmen were involved in futile word splitting. Deep in the pages of his Bible lore, Mr. Toll would appear to hear nothing of what was going on, until it came time to vote, and then he was ready, his opinion not having been changed in the least by the war of words that had been carried on. Mrs. Toll, it will be remembered, was Miss Joy before her marriage. She is a sister of Beresford Joy, the singer, and all members of the family, I believe, are musical in their tastes.

Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton and Miss Overton are back from New York and will be for a time, at least, at their Portland street home. I am told that Gwendolen Overton is hard at work upon her fourth novel, and that it is to be a book that, like "Captains of the World," will deal with one of the questions of the day. When "The Heritage of Unrest" came out there was much speculation as to what turn the talented young woman's literary bent would finally take, and whether or not she would bend her energies towards any settled purpose other than that of securing fame as a writer of readable novels. It seems, however, that her mind has been awakened to some of the great problems of the day, and that these are to employ her energies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell, of London, England, are receiving many pleasant social attentions in Los Angeles just now. Mrs. Campbell is a sister of

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

526-528 Trust Building

Second and Spring

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home 5825

Sunset Main 1289

Mrs. Percy Hoyle, and early in the week Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle gave a reception for the Campbells at the California Club. Assisting in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. James C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith and Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson P. Chandler.

Major and Mrs. Lynch-Blosse have just gone after being guests at the Angelus for a short while. Major Lynch-Blosse is an attache of the British army and a man of much importance in military circles. A few years ago he married a prominent society woman of Chicago and the wedding was a matter of much comment on both sides of the ocean. While here the Lynch-Blosses gave one of the swellest dinners that ever took place in the Angelus grill and entertained a number of prominent local persons. The Angelus grill continues to be a popular place for smart affairs of this nature and several notable parties have been given there recently. Among other persons of note who have registered at the Angelus this week are Mrs. William Mackenzie and son, Miss O'Loane, and M. L. Meager of Toronto, Canada. Mrs. Mackenzie is the wife of Sir William Mackenzie, whose name is identified with the political interests of Canada.

I see Hotel Lankershim is drawing fashionable crowds of Los Angeles people as well as from among those who are visitors to the city. The place is becoming a center for social entertaining and a number of affairs have been given there recently.

With Ella Wheeler Wilcox in town, Mrs. George Drake Ruddy has had her hands full of pleasurable duties the past week. Mrs. Ruddy and Mrs. Wilcox are close friends, and have been since their girlhood days, when both lived in Wisconsin and made their initial efforts at poetry. A few evenings ago Mr. and Mrs. Ruddy entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, having asked a group of persons from the Los Angeles Fellowship and other "independents" to pass the evening at their Wilshire Boulevard home, and meet the Poetess of Passion and her husband. It does seem a little too bad, though, to designate Robert Wilcox merely as "the husband" even of so noted an individual as Mrs. Ella, for Robert, unlike the husbands of some brilliant women, whom I might mention, has a very decided individuality of his own. It may be recalled by those who took especial account of Mrs. Wilcox's visit to Los Angeles several years ago, that Bertha Crowell, in discussing the charms of the poetess, took occasion to say: "After all it strikes me that the very nicest thing about Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is Robert Wilcox." Somebody who read this called it "a neat turning of words", but it really implied a good deal, besides, for Mr. Wilcox is a most genial person, and a delightful conversationalist. When Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox were here before a mild sensation was caused by the claim of an old man wearing the blue and calling himself "Captain", who claimed to be Mrs. Wilcox's father. The newspapers took the matter up, and exploited it at some length, but the poetess refused to own her would-be parent. Captain Chase, whose delusion concerning his relationship to Mrs. Wilcox gained for him more notoriety than he had secured through his services to Uncle Sam, is still living in Los Angeles, I believe.

The event of the week was the Mott-Fairchild wedding of Thursday. It took place in the evening at the Women's club house, and was a most brilliant affair. Mrs. Mott, who was Miss Lila Fairchild, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fairchild, and a sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick. She is a talented young woman, possessing a voice that might have made her known in professional life, had she chosen such a career. She has studied music abroad, going in the party that was chaperoned in Italy a few years ago by Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop. John Mott is one of the popular young men who have figured in local society as favorites for the past few years, and the marriage was one of almost universal interest.

ANASTASIA

Where Are They?

George P. Taylor has gone to New York for a brief business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Fitch have moved into their new house at 1030 Arapahoe street.

Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton has returned from New York to her residence on Portland street.

Mrs. T. J. Vandergrift and her mother, Mrs. Robertson, have moved to 1320 Iowa street.

Miss Grace Deering, of 131 East Thirtieth street, has returned from a prolonged trip in Europe.

Mrs. J. Moss Terry, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, of Santa Monica.

Miss Annette Wood, of Chicago, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Charles D. Viele, of 2648 Orchard avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Robert Fulton Lehman, of Cincinnati.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Bishop, of 2627 Hoover street, are entertaining Miss Jane Blair, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, of North Soto street, are entertaining Misses Irene and Bent Boggs, of Lakeport, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hopkins, of Albermarle, Va., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shannon, of 2405 West Sixth street.

Miss Winifred Duffy, of Denver, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Alice and Olive McDonald, of 735 East Washington street.

Mrs. Harris Newmark and her daughter, Mrs. L. Loeb, of 837 Westlake avenue, are entertaining Mrs. J. Steinberg, of New York.

Miss Eunice D. Copeland, of Seattle, is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Davidson, of 1045 Ingraham street.

Mrs. Freeman G. Teed, who has spent the last two years in New York, has returned to Los Angeles and is at 919 West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Jury and Miss Elsie Jury, of Humboldt, are visiting Mr. Jury's sister, Mrs. C. E. Park, of 233 Newell street.

Mrs. J. M. Bacon, of 902 Downey avenue, has as her guests Mrs. John S. Keevan and Miss Marguerite Coleman, of San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Stilson have returned from Mentone, where they went to attend the funeral of Mrs. Stilson's brother, Louis Winter, son of the distinguished dramatic critic.

N. B. Blackstone and Winthrop Blackstone returned this week from New York. Accompanying them were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson, of Boston, who will be the guests for some months of Mr. Robinson's daughter, Mrs. Blackstone, of 1150 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Field, of Des Moines, Iowa, are at 1978 Estrella avenue.

Mrs. Robert Gould-Smith of Salt Lake City is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Jevne of 987 Arapahoe street.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Prewitt and Miss Evelyn Prewitt, of 23 St. James Park, moved this week to their cottage at Hermosa. Mrs. Prewitt and her daughter expect to leave March 11 for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus and Miss Grace Mellus of 157 West Adams street left last Tuesday for a two months' visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miles, of San Francisco, and their daughter, Mrs. Brady, of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Hendrick and Mr. Trowbridge Hendrick have taken up their residence in Santa Monica. They expect to live at the seaside for the next year.

Receptions, Etc.

February 18.—Mrs. Homer Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; for Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin.

February 18.—Mrs. George A. Caswell, Mrs. Rea Smith, Miss Caswell, 865 West Twenty-third street; reception.

February 19.—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barnett, 1343 South Flower street; silver wedding reception.

February 20.—Mrs. Edward Davis, 219 Loma Drive; for Monday Musical Club.

February 20.—Mr. R. B. Dickinson; theater party for Mrs. David Scott Murray, of Salt Lake.

February 21.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; luncheon for Mrs. Thomas M. Spofford.

February 21.—Mrs. Edward R. Feuerborn, Seventh and Carondelet streets; for Tuesday High Five Club.

February 21.—Reception and dance for Brownson House Settlement at Kramer's.

February 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle, 707 West Twenty-eighth street; reception at California Club for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell, of London, Eng.

February 22.—Mrs. Joseph B. Banning, Westlake avenue; picnic at the Banning ranch, Wilmington.

February 22.—Vassar Club of Southern California; luncheon at Woman's Club house.

February 22.—Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.; excursion to Riverside and lunch at Glenwood Hotel.

February 22.—Co. F., N. G. C.; dance at Armory Hall.

February 22.—Miss Edna Bumiller; theater party at the Mason.

February 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith; dinner at Casa Verdugo, Glendale, for Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Soule, of Syracuse, N. Y.

February 22.—Mrs. Louise Kallisher, 820 South Hope street; luncheon at Levy's for Mrs. M. Voorsanger, of New York; Mrs. Hugo Brandeis, of Omaha, and Miss Etta Jacoby.

February 22.—Ocean Park Country Club; Valley Forge party.

February 23.—Mrs. J. W. McKinley, West Adams street; luncheon at Country Club for Miss Jean Marshall, of Newcastle, Pa.

February 23.—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. P. Smith, 1044 Grattan street; yachting party for Picnic Club.

February 24.—Mrs. Otto Sweet, 817 Harvard Boulevard; at home.

February 24.—Leonidas Club; anniversary ball at Kramer's.

February 24.—Mrs. A. W. Hutton and the Misses Hutton, 1215 South Main street; for Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

Anastasia's Date Book

February 25.—Miss Marguerite Seymour, 1059 Figueroa street; for Students' Musical Club.

February 27.—Mid-winter Assembly; dance at Kramer's.

February 27.—Mrs. Walter Barnwell, 645 Rampart street; tea for the Misses Boggs and Miss Wilde.

March 1.—Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst; luncheon at Woman's Club house.

March 1.—Mrs. C. B. Tufford, 920 West Eleventh street; for Harmony Whist Club.

March 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Chapman, Soto street; for Five Hundred Club.

March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Q. Story, Altadena; dance at the Valley Hunt Club, Pasadena.

March 2.—Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, 213 North Soto street; luncheon for the Misses Boggs.

March 3.—Regular monthly hop at Country Club.

March 4.—Altar Guild of St. Paul's Cathedral; pre-Lenten sale at Hotel Angelus.

March 10 and 17.—Mrs. I. Louis, Miss Louis, 669 Westlake avenue; at home.

Recent Weddings

February 22.—Mr. Hugh H. Strain to Miss Katherine Koehler, at 3661 Adair street.

February 23.—Mr. John G. Mott to Miss Lila Fairchild, at Woman's Club house.

Approaching Weddings

March 1.—Mr. Joseph Muir to Miss Ethel Caroline Fitch, at Rancho La Vista, Highland.

March 7.—Mr. John Colburn Graves to Miss Mary Josephine Strait, at St. John's.

March 22.—Dr. W. H. Hall, of Butte, Mont., to Mrs. Purdon Smith-Miller, at 333 West Twenty-eighth street.

April 26.—Mr. Paul Burks to Miss Stella Bumiller, in Christ Church.

Mr. John Burton Chaffey to Miss Olive Eugenia Prescott.

Engagements.

Mr. Thomas R. Lee to Miss Mabel Garnsey.
Mr. Charles Isenstein to Miss Ida Frankel.



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On the Stage and Off

Surely the wonderfully generous patronage of the Savage opera this week is an encouraging sign of the trend of public taste and thereby should supply an instructive lesson for managers. I have always maintained that there would eventually come a distinct reaction from the empty-headed stuff, musical and dramatic, that has been furnished to a surfeit during the last four or five years. An inane but glittering musical comedy is all very well occasionally, but what worse fate could the habitual theatergoer dread than a perpetual diet of musicky farce? This is the first ambitious tour of the Savage forces and it should be repeated annually for Savage's benefit and our own. One good opera—even in English—makes for taste and intelligence; the majority of "musical shows" simply debauch intelligence and destroy taste. The merits of the Savage performances I leave to my colleague, Frederick Stevenson, who is notoriously hard to please but who is thoroughly pleased.

The Orpheumites will be grieved to part with Will Cressy at the end of this week. He has supplied most refreshing diversion during the last three weeks by his excellent playlets and the revival of "Bill Biffin's Baby" was hailed with delight by his admirers. There are too few Cressys on the Orpheum circuit. "Happy Jack Gardner" finds a responsive echo in every part of the house with his parodies, his "Goodbye, Little Girl, Goodbye," especially convulsing his auditors. This week's bill, without boasting any single feature of extraordinary merit, is evenly balanced with a variety of capital entertainment.

They are doing things to Paul Revere at the Burbank this week, enough to tempt the formation of an anti-iconoclast society. The author has the decency to conceal his individuality. William Desmond impersonates the Revolutionary hero, who is delivered of a series of sophomoric platitudes on patriotism. As a declamationist Mr. Desmond does his d—dest, but there is no pretense of giving a portrait of anybody like the Paul Revere of history, which is not altogether Mr. Desmond's fault. No doubt a considerable portion of the Burbankers prefer the present hero, William Desmond, as himself, to a mere hero of history. Blanche and Jessie Mae Hall add bright spots to the play, which is calculated to do much to upset popular confidence in historical tradition.

"On the Quiet" is the admirable farce presented at Belasco's this week, and it is proving deservedly popular. Joseph Galbraith steps in Willie Collier's shoes with surprising facility, but the hit of the play has been made by the versatile Mr. Vivian, who does an excellent piece of character work that is not caricature in the part of the Duke of Carbondale.

The censorship of theatrical printing reported from various localities would indicate that some printing used in the exploitation of a certain class of melodramas has naturally inspired such action, says the

Dramatic Mirror; and it is not going too far to suggest that some sort of censorship would not be misplaced on several of the melodramas themselves.

The old-fashioned melodrama, while as a rule it was poor drama, from the modern viewpoint, dealt plainly with a few elemental principles of life, and did no particular harm, even if it did but little good. There are students of human nature, however, who will contend that the old plays, on their simple lines of conduct—sensational as some of their incidents may have been—were good for the class of persons that patronized them to see; for in such plays the heroes were right-doing, right-enforcing persons, while the villains were normal villains, and were punished in the end.

The latest class of melodrama, however—or many plays of that class—is of a different sort. As far as right and wrong and good and evil are concerned, many of these plays are of nebulous construction, as well as of uncertain effect; and too many of them spell decadence from beginning to end.

But this result, like many another to be deplored as to the theater, as a scientific analysis of the stage of today by the student of the future will show, is mainly due to the view held by the persons in power in the theater that the stage is at best but a commercial institution.

That aggregation of burlesque stars some of whom formerly contributed to the gayety of the Casino is now pretty well disintegrated. Kolb and Dill have vowed that they will never again appear on the same

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Mason Opera House

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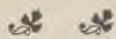
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given by the Theatrical Managers Association at the Mason.

stage with any of the other principals that accompanied them on their Australian tour. Barney Bernard expresses the same sentiment, and it is said that Blake and Maud Amber are as sore on all the others as those others are on them. It was a happy family, says Town Talk, that sailed away for the Antipodes, but on the return trip the steamer was laden with revengeful hearts. Manager George James, who fared worse than any member of the company, takes his experience philosophically, and is prepared for a battle with Blake and Amber.

Heinrich Conried, in a speech in New York the other evening, revealed interesting information as to the cost of running grand opera. "I came here twenty-six years ago," he said, "and thought I knew a great deal. I soon found that I knew very little and set out to learn. I spoke still worse English than I do now, but I learned something every day by watching the managers."

Herr Conried said that theatrical projects abroad were petty compared to American ways.

"Yet, when I go over there and tell them how things are done on this side of the water, they say: 'Conried, don't say that. You lie, so we can't listen to you.' When I told them that I paid my stage hands \$98,866 in one season, they said I was crazy, but I had brought a certified copy of my books and proved it to them.

"I have made eight-seven trips across the ocean, and have compared the managements on both sides. If the German managers would come over here they would be astonished. Most of the theaters in Germany are subsidized, and you wonder how the public stands the performances they give. Performances in New York are given on such a grand scale that the foreigners cannot understand them. They don't see how we can pay singers \$2,000 a night. They wouldn't believe that the leading characters in Les Huguenots get \$5,500 a night.

"The multi-millionaires don't give a cent to the opera, nor do the stockholders. They pay \$1,000 for a box. If they would let me have the boxes instead of paying \$35,000 I would make very much more money out of it.

"The opera costs me \$1,050,000 for the fifteen weeks, but I still make money for all that."

The Belasco-Morosco war has been carried into "Ghosts." The Ibsen horror was given by both stock companies in San Francisco last week at the Alcazar and Majestic respectively. San Francisco survived it!

No story of the West ever written can compare in its absolute reflection of local color with the story of "Ramona". No story so embodies the hopeless pathos and the unyielding dignity of the Spanish notables in the days when California began to awaken from its former Spanish and Mexican lethargy. In the dramatization of this California story Miss Calhoun has retained all the pathos, all the atmosphere, and has clothed her stage version in a dramatic intensity that promises to create a sensation. Miss Calhoun is to be supported at the Mason next week by capable actors. If the play proves to be the success anticipated, a tour will at once follow the premiere. Already Miss Calhoun has received many letters of inquiry from managers, who are anxious to book the play.

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Mason.—The first three nights of next week, Virginia Calhoun will be seen in "Ramona". Lawrence D'Orsay arrives Thursday with "The Earl of Pawtucket" for three nights and Saturday matinee. Augustus Thomas's comedy, written especially for Mr. D'Orsay, has been one of the most successful plays in a decade.

Morosco's Burbank.—More powerful melodrama next week. C. T. Dazey's "War of Wealth" in four acts, including the fall from the balcony, the robbery of the bank, and the race against time to save the bank; enough thrilling adventures to satisfy the most blasé.

Belasco's.—The stock company will put on Henry Arthur Jones's interesting drama "Judah" next week, in which the clever principals should be seen to advantage.

Orpheum.—Wherever there is a home with a piano, wherever there is a boy who whistles, wherever there is a devotee of the dizzy two-step, the compositions of Bob Cole and Rosamond Johnson are familiar. They are due Monday evening. Paulton and Dooley will also be on hand with a trick and comedy bicycle act. Ford and Wilson in burnt cork will do grotesque comedy dancing. The Quigley Brothers, Robert Hodge and company, Happy Jack Gardner, and Newell and Niblo remain a second week.

Grand.—"Through the Breakers" next week by the author-actor, Owen Davis. Two great scenic and electrical climaxes new to the stage. Thrilling rescue from shipwreck. Manager W. J. Elleford with a strong company.

Stars, et al.

Florence Roberts is now touring Texas.

Rejane sailed for Paris last week. Her tour was an artistic success and she had been guaranteed \$1000 a performance.

William Faversham has been secured by Liebler and Company for the title-role of Edward Milton Royle's new play, "The Squawman," which they will produce Easter Monday.

Mary Hampton has been engaged to play the Countess in the "all star" cast of "The Two Orphans", now on the road. She takes the place of Miss Le Moynes, who succeeded Annie Irish.

Joseph Cawthorne will begin his starring tour next season in New York in a new musical play by J. J. McNally, to be called "In Tammany Hall". The lyrics will be written by William Jerome, the music by Jean Schwartz.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who was singing in Cincinnati in "Love's Lottery" last week, appeared in the Probate Court, and went through the necessary formalities for becoming an American citizen.

David Belasco has bought the dramatic rights to Robert Hichens' novel, "The Garden of Allah", and may write a play for Blanche Bates from it. The story tells of the adventures of an Englishwoman in Algiers.

The cast of "The Prince Consort" includes Charles Butler, Charles Bowser, Wilfred North and Arthur Hoyt, Henry E. Dixey, and William H. Thompson. They have already begun rehearsals under the direction of Arnold Daly. The first performance will be in New York March 6.

Joseph Jefferson will make his reappearance on the stage at the Boston Theatre, Boston, Easter Monday. His sons, Thomas and Joseph, Jr., will play Rip Van Winkle that week, and Mr. Jefferson will deliver an address each evening between the acts. The following week he will go to New York and make his farewell appearance on the stage at Joseph Holland's benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In the Musical World

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," said the philosopher. "I live on breakfast food," replied the faddist. "You're a dom fool," asserted the philosopher. "Wonderful, wonderful!" mused the faddist.

Now, this is not precisely applicable to the Savage English Grand Opera Company, because dom-foolishness has no place in the Savage make-up. But we can apply the story in part, at least. "Tell me who your principals are, and I will tell you what your company is" will stand more or less for all time, fight it as we will.

Do not think for a moment, dear reader, that I am going to descend to hypercriticism and write myself down an ass. I do not expect to sit in a two-dollar orchestra chair and hear the twitter of ten-dollar song birds. There are those who do. Some people apparently look for mocking-bird mattresses at bed-bug prices, all the time—and of such, of course, are the dom fools. These are they who will prod a sympathetic finger into Wegener's reputation because a momentary husky break mars a winsome, almost lovable Lohengrin—never thinking the while that, were Wegener faultless, he would be under the Conried banner on a Conried salary.

Henry W. Savage started out on the extremely dubious mission of giving tip-top grand opera at bed-rock prices, and the wonderfully successful outcome of his venture is manifest in all but two departments. Mr. Savage has some good principals—but, honestly, not many. Some are better than any possible Savage salary would seemingly justify. Wegener in Wagner roles is one of them. Others again palpably hold their position partly by reason

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of their power to "fetch" a popular audience and partly because of their surety in repertoire routine. Among these must be placed Winfred Goff—who holds in the main to the characteristics which marked his work in light opera at the old Burbank some years ago. Mr. Sheehan at the present writing is an unknown quantity except by reputation; but it is probable that he has a fine natural voice of the robust order—deficient in the purity and refinement of the Wegener type, but possessed of that tempestuous electrifying quality under the sway of which we forgive all else.

To apply our story yet once more. "Tell me what your tongue, and I will tell you what your standard." Mr. Savage's grand opera in English has won at every stage of the game. Yet I cannot but think it false in conception, false in execution, false in effect. And this for many reasons.

In the first place, grand opera is almost invariably of foreign birth. As such it is untranslatable into anything akin to the original form and spirit. Secondly, if we insist on doing murder the best possible will be commonplace shoddy, turgid rhodomontade, stuffy flub-dub, inane wish-wash. Thirdly, even if the artists use the English text, they never (or rarely) take the audience into their confidence, and, for aught I can tell, they might just as well be chattering Choctaw.

No, no. Light opera, Gilbert and Sullivan opera, comic opera—anything outside the range of grand opera—are all right in English. All such works are built on different lines, and they lend themselves readily to the mother tongue. But imagine the absurdity of grand opera recitative in English! Poetry to balderdash in the twinkling of an eye!

My opinion is that grand opera should be sung with the original text, the librettos being printed in parallel columns—a free English translation showing the outline of the plot and the development of the action. It may be quite true that many English-speaking artists would find trouble with the foreign tongues; but if they could find more than they manifestly do with their own they would be entitled to claim that old Mother Difficulty was rather rubbing it in on them.

I wonder whether any of our English grand opera singers ever put themselves on record in a phonograph and then tried to find out what they were talking about. It might be worth while.

But a word or two anent the Lohengrin performance of Monday evening.

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First of all, let me say in all good feeling that I do not expect to fall in line with my friends the critics of the daily press. Why this should have to be so I have not the faintest surmise. It may be that, being differently constituted, we demand different effects. Or, it may be that there is no standard of judgment, no criterion of excellence. One high legal luminary—"and a good judge, too"—assured me confidently that Il Trovatore was a thousand times better than Lohengrin, adding that he supposed I judged by the music and he by the effect. I do not quite know what he meant, because the music is the cause of the greater part of the effect; and, moreover, the effect depends largely upon the particular brand of receptivity enjoyed by those affected.

Thus, then, Lohengrin (apart from its English dress) was eminently satisfying to me as a whole. Wegener was ideal in physique, in poise, in bearing, in refinement, in knightly type. The voice is not large, but if it be enough, what matter? Surely it is the quality rather than the quantity that we should seek. And William Wegener's voice is, to my mind, of a rarely beautiful character. Some of his quiet mezzo work was as exquisite in its melting patheticism as anything I ever remember to have heard. And if, in the face of such finish and control, the critics feel called upon to cry the wolf of "worn out" they must indeed think thoughts outside my range of comprehension.

Miss Rennyson's Elsa surprised me as it progressed. Miss Rennyson may be both young and pretty. But she did not look it in the first act—chiefly by reason, I think, of traditional costuming and poor make-up. With the later scenes came betterment, and the fresh, clear voice rang clean and true to the very end.

Miss Reta Newman as Ortrud easily ran away with the histrionic honors. With a magnificent presence for one of such moderate build, with full impassioned instinct and a lovely mezzo-contralto voice of abundant power and great range, Miss Newman is plainly destined for larger spheres of assured success.

When Arthur Deane is on the high tide of passionate acclaim his Telramund is admirably conceived and as admirably exploited; but of "business" he unfortunately has little or none, and, as a consequence, the poor old villainess has to plot alone much of the time. But Telramund is a tremendous part, and I should imagine that Mr. Deane would find in the Toreador role of Carmen higher opportunity for his unquestionable dashing style and fervor of voice.

The comparatively little the chorus has to do was finely done—the King's chorus never better. In this connection I cannot refrain from mentioning two young sopranos placed on the extreme left. Their vibrant, ringing quality and brilliant freshness of tone were as refreshing as a Hatfield shower on a thirsty day. Mr. Schenck conducted with admirable decision.

Il Trovatore on Tuesday did not please me nearly as well—my friends the critics and the high legal luminary to the contrary notwithstanding.

So far as Miss Jean Lane Brooks is concerned I have nothing but high praise to extend. Her Leonora stands out as the most distinct surprise of a long

experience. I knew Miss Brooks well in Denver, and never saw any signs of such development as she has here manifested. Vocally and dramatically this young girl stands in the forefront of the coming artists, and I hardly see what Miss Brooks may not aspire to in romantic opera, at least. She has my warmest congratulations and my warmest admiration.

Miss Marion Ivell is, I should say, the most gifted actress of the company. Of the voice as shown in the Azucena role I almost hesitate to speak—the quality being so very peculiar. In the higher ranges the power is amazing, the intensity boundless. The lower chest register, too, has quite a corresponding quota of rotundity. But the middle voice is strange almost to oddity—and I regret greatly that it does not appeal to me, for Miss Ivell is evidently a consummate artist and ambitious to a degree.

As a result of Mr. Sheehan's cold Mr. Wegener was forced to the role of Manrico—an unfortunate thing, for he is no more a romantic opera wooer than was (or is) Tamagno. Yet will I say that nothing more touchingly beautiful was ever done or sung than Manrico's appeals to Azucena in the final scene of the opera. Here the liquid mezzo tones were of exquisite loveliness.

For the rest there is little of moment to say. Mr. Goff's work I cannot bring myself to admire—spite of his overwhelming success with the audience in *Il Balen*. His true baritone voice is admirable in quality and intonation. His mixed tone is just as unadmirable in both respects. Nor is Mr. Boyle's marked throaty tone to be any the more commended—although it is only fair to say that the audience evidently thought otherwise.

The orchestra of twenty-eight men carried with the company is fully fitted to cope with the tasks allotted to it, and the added quota of fifteen local men bring it up to an unusual total for Los Angeles operatic effort. Mr. Emanuel and Mr. Schenek present essentially different types of directing, the former plainly having the power to draw both his vocal and instrumental forces into instant and constant touch.

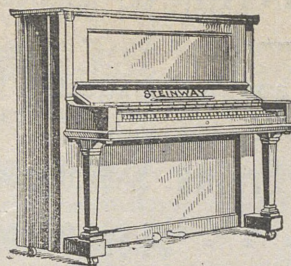
The ensemble, the staging, the chorus groupings and the chorus itself are really the solid triumphs of the Savage era, and they fully deserve the lavish encomiums which have everywhere greeted them. The house was sold out for the entire week, and the company probably establishes a record.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

The grand opera season—the genuine article—will be in the second week of April. Apparently Los Angeles is only to be vouchsafed two performances, instead of three as heretofore. Mr. Conreid has selected "*Parsifal*" and "*Lucia*" for us. Caruso and Sembrich in the latter.

David Bispham has prepared a splendid program for his first recital at Simpson auditorium Monday evening, including "*The Evening Star*" from "*Tannhauser*", "*O Ruddier Than the Cherry*", Meyerbeer's "*The Monk*", the prologue to "*T'Pagliacci*", and several old English ballads. Bispham is among men singers what Schumann-Heink is among women.

The soloist at the next symphony concert, March 10th, will be Mme. Fannie Francisca, prima donna of the Royal Theatre at Amsterdam. The symphony will be Dvorak's Second in D Minor.



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Municipal bonds of Los Angeles in the amount of \$50,000 have been sold by the city to the Merchants' Trust Company for construction and equipment of a detention hospital. The bonds bear 3¾ per cent interest, as soon as the plans can be drawn the council will advertise for bids for the hospital building. It will be located in Chavea ravine, in vicinity of the present pest-house.

The Bank of Artesia has been incorporated by John C. Gage, Alonzo V. Logan, John B. Enfield, et al., all of Artesia, N. M. They propose to do a general banking business. Capital \$300,000 and place of business Artesia.

The Boston Investment Co. has incorporated with a capital of \$500,000, of which \$500 has been subscribed. Directors: J. T. Holder, Yonkers, N. Y.; D. H. Fanning, Worcester, Mass.; B. O. Kendall, C. F. Holder, and G. A. Gibbs of Pasadena.

J. Allen Osmun has been elected president of the Bank of Whittier.

Financial

A national bank with a capital of \$25,000 is to be established at Oceanside, Cal.

The Porter Bank of Yuma has been reorganized and is now the First National. The capital stock is \$25,000.

R. I. Rogers, who has been assistant cashier of the National Bank of California for several years, has been elected cashier of the First National of Pasadena. Mr. Rogers is widely known and, being a resident of Pasadena, is no stranger to the bank's customers.

Bonds

A month or so ago there was talk of voting bonds of \$10,000 to \$15,000 to enlarge the water and electric light plant of Anaheim, which are owned by the city and now some of the leading citizens favor an issue of \$50,000 for the needed improvements.

The date of the bond election in Monrovia has been set for March 17. The \$61,000 issue will bear 5 per cent and will be dated June 1, 1905. They will run for a term of years varying from ten to thirty.

An ordinance has been adopted by the city council of Los Angeles awarding and selling to the Merchants' Trust Co. the \$50,000 3¾ per cent "Detention Hospital bonds" of Los Angeles, and authorizing the city treasurer of said city to deliver said bonds.

The city council of Tucson, Ariz., has issued a call for a bond election to be held on March 20 for \$250,000. The proceeds are to be expended upon the enlargement and improvement of a waterworks, including new wells and pumps and a reservoir, together with new mains throughout the city. The fire department is to be given better equipment, including new housing and a fire alarm telegraph, streets are to be graded and oiled and a new city hall provided.

At a special election held in Santa Paula on an issue of \$20,000 bonds for a public building, the issue was defeated.

It is proposed to call a special election at Santa Barbara to vote bonds for \$50,000 for the construction of new school houses.

The resolution calling for the school bond issue has been passed by the city board of education of Los Angeles. The bonds are in two sets. One, providing for new schools and general grammar school improvements, calling for an issuance of \$520,000; of this \$40,000 is to be appropriated for the new parental school. The amount called for in the other set, which provides for high school improvements, is \$260,000. March 21 has been set as date for the election.

Residents of the portion of Riverside east of the Santa Fe and south of Fourteenth street have formed an organization known as the Hall's Addition Taxpayers' League, the chief purpose of which, it is understood, is to fight the sewer bond issue, which has been voted by the city trustees for that part of the city.

The water committee of the city council of San Diego has voted to recommend to the council that the

city attorney prepare papers for bonding the city to acquire the waterworks at El Cajon without accompanying propositions, including such as their placing of the Thirtieth street main or the building of boulevards.

Petitions have been prepared for circulation in Santa Monica by the Village Improvement Society asking that Santa Monica city trustees call an election to vote on bonds for several municipal utilities.

The council of Long Beach has called a special election to vote on question of issuing bonds for \$30,000 for additional fire protection.

The Fidelity Trust Co. of Chicago has taken \$200,000 gold bonds of Torreon, Mex., bearing 6 per cent, which cover the cost of a waterworks and sewage system for the city of Torreon.

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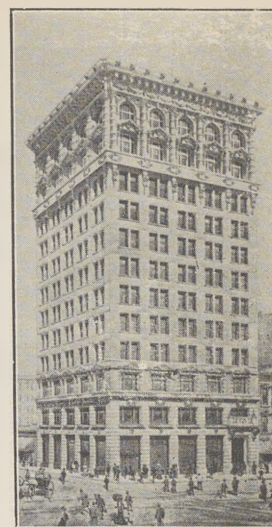
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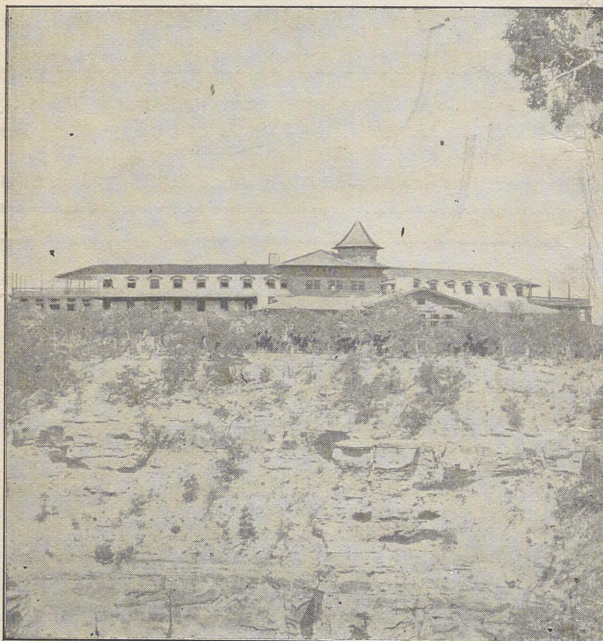
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